(15) 4.

A

CONGRATULATORY POEM

UPON

The Coronation of His Majesty King GEORGE;

WITH

Dunfermline's Address to His Majesty for redressing *SCOTLAND*'s GRIEVANCES.

Sub Te licebit Principe libere
CHRISTUM fateri, ficta refellere,
Mysteriumque Veritatis
Sepulto referare Fuco.

Ergo Salutis sollicitum Tuæ
Cœleste Numen pervigil excubat;
Et Impiorum inauspicata
Vota facit, retegitque Fraudes;
Super Dracones fortis inambula,
Sævam Leonum frange Ferociam: *&c. Buch:*

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The Coronation of His

Majesty King GEORGE;

WITH

Dutiful Thanks to His

Majesty for redressing

SCOTLAND's

GRIEVANCES.

Congratulatory Poem upon His Majesty King *George* His Coronation, &c.

HAil Mighty Monarch, welcome to the Throne,
Which is by Birth, by Worth, by Law your own:
Blest be the Choice of Heav'ns Eternal King,
By whom the sublunary Gods do reign,
Who lately, by a Glorious REVOLUTION,
Wrapt in Your Title with our Constitution:
A Sacred Claim, now ratifi'd so well,
That HEAV'N hath crown'd You King, in Spite of Hell:
Herein rewarding, by a just Decree,
Your bright Ancestors, in their Progenie:
The Diadem they lost for Truth, is now
Restor'd with triple Interest unto You,
In whom the Prince of Kings makes Mankind see
The Product of His Rect'ral Equity;
A glorious Right, by Pow'r supernal giv'n,
The King of *Britain*, by the KING of Heav'n.

Bright Fame hath with the Wheels of *Titan* hurl'd
Your sparkling Grandeur round the lower World,
Which ev'ry where (like solar Rays) hath shone,
And center'd in the *British* Horizon:
A Luminary there, in brighter Robe,
To cast Your glorious Beams about the Globe;
But, which augments the Wonder in our Eye,
Cimmerian Mist envelopt all our Sky;

A Cloud of Locuſts, from *Avernus* Bottom,
Inſtill'd to the Furies which begot 'em;
Theſe did obfuſcate our *Britannick* Zone,
Till out of *BRUNSWICK* *Sol* aroſe, and ſhone;
Whoſe golden Gleams hath through the Vapours broke,
And clear'd our Firmament of *Orcus* Smoke:
Inſulting *Jacobites*, now plung'd in Shame,
Like *Trapezuntius* have forgot their Name.
Snake Jeſuits, which in their Fraud do truſt,
Now lick, but cannot raiſe *Olympick* Duſt:
Hell's Policy may work, but Heaven's muſt,
The Serpent can't prevail with ſubtile Strokes,
A greater GEORGE is here than *Cappadox*;
Who's Pow'r emits the rude Pretender's Doom,
A Blow to *Bourboun*, and a Daſh to *Rome*.
Rage now reſigns the Day to Valiant *George*,
Mars dares not heat a Spear in *Vulcan*'s Forge,
Hell ſwallows down the Spite it would diſgorge.
Dread Sir, how happy is our Church and State,
That have a King ſo ſtrong, ſo good, ſo great?
If any Place on this *Britannick* Plat
May claim a Right to ſuch a Potentate;
Dunfermline then, we hope, may ſoar ſo high,
By Recognition of Antiquity;
Our City is that once illuſtrious Place,
Where many of Your bright Primordial Race
Flouriſh'd apace; and with preceptive Nods
Did act the Part of Subceleſtial Gods.
Our Palace was their Seat of Regal Mirth,
And bleſſed with Your Royal Grand-dame's Birth:
This doth enhanſe Your Worth to us, Great Sir,
Our City brought Her forth, and You in her.

Tho'

Tho' now our Town's of Royalty bereft;
Yet ſtill Enſigns of Majeſty are left:
Our Palace Walls (which Time not yet deſtroys)
Mount Heav'n-ward, like the Seat of GOD's Vice-roys.
Our Church hath Ancient Kings entomb'd in Heaps,
The Valiant *BRUCE* beneath our Pulpet ſleeps.
Such Monuments of former Majeſty,
Embelliſh Your much brighter Monarchy.
Juſt Heav'n hath now remitted to Your Truſt
This Dormitory of Your Fathers Duſt;
Since they remov'd to their Eternal Homes,
Black Deſolation ſack'd their Royal Tombs,
Their fun'ral Piles did ſtill in Sable mourn,
And Floods of Sorrow over-whelm'd their Urn:
Till You ariſing, *Phebus* like, from Eaſt,
With Beams of Majeſty upon Your Breaſt;
Your Splendor now their humid Grief abſorps,
And re-imbalms with Joy their Royal Corps:
Their Bones reſtored, under Your Protection,
Anricipate a joyful Reſurrection.
And if Your Majeſty (in vacant Hours)
Would viſit theſe Your great Anceſtors Bow'rs,
'T would put a Bluſh on Deſolation's Malice,
And glorifie the Ruins of our Palace.
Bright Monarch, if this Favour be too great,
Then let Your Royal Predeceſſors Seat
Be now allow'd, to perſonate the Nation,
And ſo preſent our humble Supplication.
Redeem as, Sir, from Things our Country loaths,
Subverting PATRONAGES, renting OATHS:
Such was the woful, dubious ABJURATION,
Which gave the Clergy Ground of Speculation;

Tho

Tho' all could freely (without Laws to urge)
Abjure the Popiſh *James*, and ſwear to *GEORGE*;
Yet while it ſwell'd with circumſtantial Clauſes,
Old *Engliſh* Acts, Reduplicating *AS*'s;
Some fear'd to leave their Conſcience in the Lurch,
Or make the KIRK to ſwear unto the CHURCH:
The Clergy which had more of Second-ſight,
Swore it, and ſaid it never croſt their Light.
The reſt alledg'd they could on ſolid Ground,
Both love their King, and keep their Conſcience ſound.
(Witneſs *Dunfermline*'s Presbyterial Bound.)
Great nurſing Father of our Church and Nation,
Give an abortive Birth to this Temptation,
That's ſuch a fertil Womb of Altercation.
Our Church upon the Main do all agree,
But Oaths add little to its Hermonie.

The next Infringement of our Sacred Badge,
Is that accurſed Weed, call'd PATRONAGE:
Our Eccleſiaſticks can't abide its Fume,
It ſmells ſo rank of *Antichriſtian Rome*.
Our People call'd an helliſh Impoſition,
For Lords and Lairds to chuſe their Souls Phyſician:
It gives their Sp'ritual Health a heavy Doom,
When Civil Dons ſuch Sacred Power aſſume.
This Grievance, and the former ſadly pine us;
The firſt doth rent, the laſt doth undermine us.
Dear Sir, deliver us from theſe Vexations,
And all intollerable TOLLERATIONS.

But that which ſums up all our Suits in one,
Is, That the BABEL-UNION be o're thrown:
A Corporation which we ſtill bewail,
While *England* is the Head and we the Tail.

This Matrimonial Contract was ſo fore'd,
We'll ne're agree, until we be divorc'd:
We never had (ſince we were forc'd to wed)
A joyful Night to brook the Nuptial Bed.
Of ſuch a Match, none in Your *Scots* Dominion
Could ever yet conceive a good Opinion.
Our Country ſtill its Framers Fault reſents,
Our *Laity* curſe them all with heavy Plaints,
Our *Clergy* only ſpare the Penitents.
The Mildeſt think the Union was an Evil,
The ruder Sort would wiſh it to the Devil;
The *Gentry* own they never yet could pleaſe it,
The *Commonal'ty* anathematize it;
The *Merchant* ſwears, It ſacrific'd his Profite;
And *Barley-Mongers* damn it down to *Tophet*.
All breath out Sorrow to the rueful Votes,
Which cramm'd the curſed Union down our Throats.
Yet ſtill our Mouths are open to diſgorge
The bitter Morſel, by the Help of *GEORGE*.
For tho' the poiſon'd Meal be *Serpentine*,
So killing unto *SCOTIA* fair, the Queen
Doth now revive; for Mighty GEORGE is ſaid
To kill the *Serpent*, and relieve the *Maid*.
On you depends the Hope of every *Scot*;
We know your Sword can cut the *Gordian* Knot.
There's nothing done (we hope) but may be undone,
Great Sir, we're weari'd to the Heart with *London*:
It hath already marr'd our goodly Mould,
Devour'd our Silver, gormandiz'd our Gold,
And hurried back th' Equiv'lent three times told.
It makes the Rural Swains to toom their Purſes,
And damn the Union with a thouſand Curſes.

Dread

Dread Sir, You'll get our Bleſſing, and Your Name
Shall ſoar on Wings of Everlaſting Fame,
If You'll redintegrate our ancient Frame.

Great Prince, in Favour to Your loving Nation,
Accept of this uncultivate Oration;
Parnaſſus towring Train will criticiſe
What Royal Clemency may patroniſe.
Now may the Heavens adorn Your Majeſtie
With glorious Bleſſings, of the firſt Degree:
May that Celeſtial Pow'r that never dies,
Make You the Darling of the *Deſtinies*,
That *Clotho*'s Siſters may ſpin out Your Threed,
Till Age ſhall crown Your Life, as Gold Your Head:
And may Your Royal Progenie outſhine
All earthly Monarchs, to the outmoſt Line:
Fame ſound their Praiſe, and *Echo*'s nimble Soul,
Reverberate the Sound from Pole to Pole.
May they ſucceed to Your Imperial Robe,
Till Natur's Fall unhinge the pond'rous Globe;
And then may they, with You, be crown'd on hy,
When Time's ingulſt into Eternity.

FINIS.